The Ex-Poseur #8, Dec. 31, 2025

To the Editor

I write with a trembling hand and the righteous fury of someone who still believes Santa Claus is a Christian American icon, not a Globalist hipster promoting socialist redistribution of wealth!

Your recent portrayal of Santa in *"Santa Answers"* was not merely offensive; it was aggressively kale-adjacent. Gluten-free snacks? Solar panels on the sleigh? What's next—Rudolph's nose retrofitted with an energy-efficient LED and a carbon offset?

Worse still, you had Santa dispensing advice on climate change and tolerance, as though he were a visiting lecturer from Berkeley instead of a man whose life's work is managing elves and maintaining a behavior-based surveillance list. Santa does not give TED Talks. He judges. Quietly. From the North Pole.

I urge you to retract this nearly heretical depiction and return Santa to his rightful role as a jolly, chimney-based gift distributor who believes in Christmas magic, free enterprise, and absolutely no moral nuance.

Please keep Santa out of earthly squabbles and firmly where he belongs: in the hearts of children and the unquestioned mythology of adults who refuse to watch any news other than OAN or InfoWars.

Yours in outrage and festivity,
A Concerned Christmas Sackholder

[NO, NOT THAT KIND OF SACK!!!]

Editor's Note:

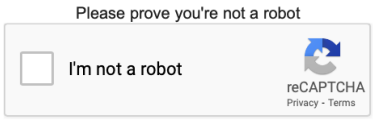
Welcome once again, brave readers. Print, unlike reality-virtual or the other kind, offers a comforting sort of closeness: words you may touch without fear that they'll disappoint you. From its very first issue, The Ex-Poseur has shunned digital publishing, though not out of principle. No, the genuine reason is far simpler: no one alive wishes to be responsible for the AI-seasoned gruel I ladle out to you faithful few every year or so. And I refuse to bankroll yet another website besides the two I already neglect, DystopianDigest.com and SpeakAmerican.de.

So please enjoy this latest hard-copy edition (a format experts describe as "that thing old people still insist on.") Will it achieve excellence? No. But will it achieve something cliché? Absolutely, for this issue is all about clichés. Classic clichés, modern clichés, emerging clichés, and several clichés so overused they've circled back into experimental art.

Query: If an AI writes a paper and no one's around to read it, does it make a sound?

Response: Yes, the sound of a human writer losing their job.

What makes a haiku?
Seventeen syllables and
one smug English major.



☐ I Have Completed My Tasks
☐ I Remembered To Call Family
☐I Am A Robot
☐ I am a disappointment

PROVE I'M NOT A ROBOT?
Would a robot spend three hours doom-scrolling YouTube while stealth-picking its nose, then discover it's out of tissues but fully stocked with Coke Zero, a beverage with no nutritional value and unlimited potential for me to pretend I'm making healthy life choices! *Mmm... invisible calories*." Would a robot suddenly realize it didn't exercise and now the gym closed early because it's Sunday, and the roof is still leaking, the furnace remains unfixed, and none of today's goals were even gently approached?

00903 42069
VERIFY YOU ARE HUMAN!
BY COMPLETING THE ACTION BELOW:
EAT ALL YOU CAN AT AN ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET
WAIT ON HOLD YOUR WHOLE LUNCH BREAK
Muzak: 'Fur Elise!
CLICK! CLICK!
UNTHINKINGLY PUT YOUR PHONE IN THE FRIDGE
DESPAIR WHILE DOING YOUR TAXES
CLICK BELOW
I'M ONLY HUMAN, VERIFY ME!

No. A robot would be efficient.

I, meanwhile, must return to refreshing the substitute-teacher website, hoping one of the easier schools experiences a non-lethal staffing absence for reasons that are medically and emotionally respectful.

Cliches I've heard recently that sound like HR violations:

1. "We're just trying to get it up and running."

2. "We're looking for more penetration in this market"

3. Jimmy John's Freaky Fast!!!

4. "I did a thing."

5. "Well, butter my buns and call me a biscuit!"

If Grand Negas Trump would just give me a chance to run **DOGE**, I'm sure I could fix the government and the economy. I have a B.S. degree in English, and if there's one thing English majors know, it's how to live on almost no money. We're experts.

DO YOUR OWN RESEARCH!
A Helpful Field Guide

1. Step One: Identify a topic. Preferably one you fear.
2. Step Two: Reject all reputable sources. They are part of *The System*™.
3. Step Three: Watch a 47-minute YouTube rant filmed in portrait orientation.
4. Step Four: Declare yourself "open-minded," which here means "completely sealed off."
5. Step Five: Encourage others to "Do your own research," ideally while ignoring yours.
   Congratulations! You are now a Self-Certified Expert—no license, no training, just vibes.

Someone told me to "dO mY oWN rEsearch."
So I did.
I researched them.
Turns out they don't know anything either.

DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ!
A Brief Listicle of Trusted Sources You Can Safely Ignore

1. *The internet* — statistically wrong 74% of the time, 96% when inspirational.
2. *Books* — suspiciously rectangular.
3. *Anything labeled "The Definitive Guide."* If it were definitive, why is it on clearance?
4. *This very sentence* — which we assure you is correct, reliable, peer-reviewed, and absolutely fabricated.

Exclusive Ex-Poseur Interview with President Drumpf!

Q. Mr. President, thank you for agreeing to speak with us. Let us begin with matters of presentation. Could you update us on the current condition of your hair arrangement and distinctive orange complexion?

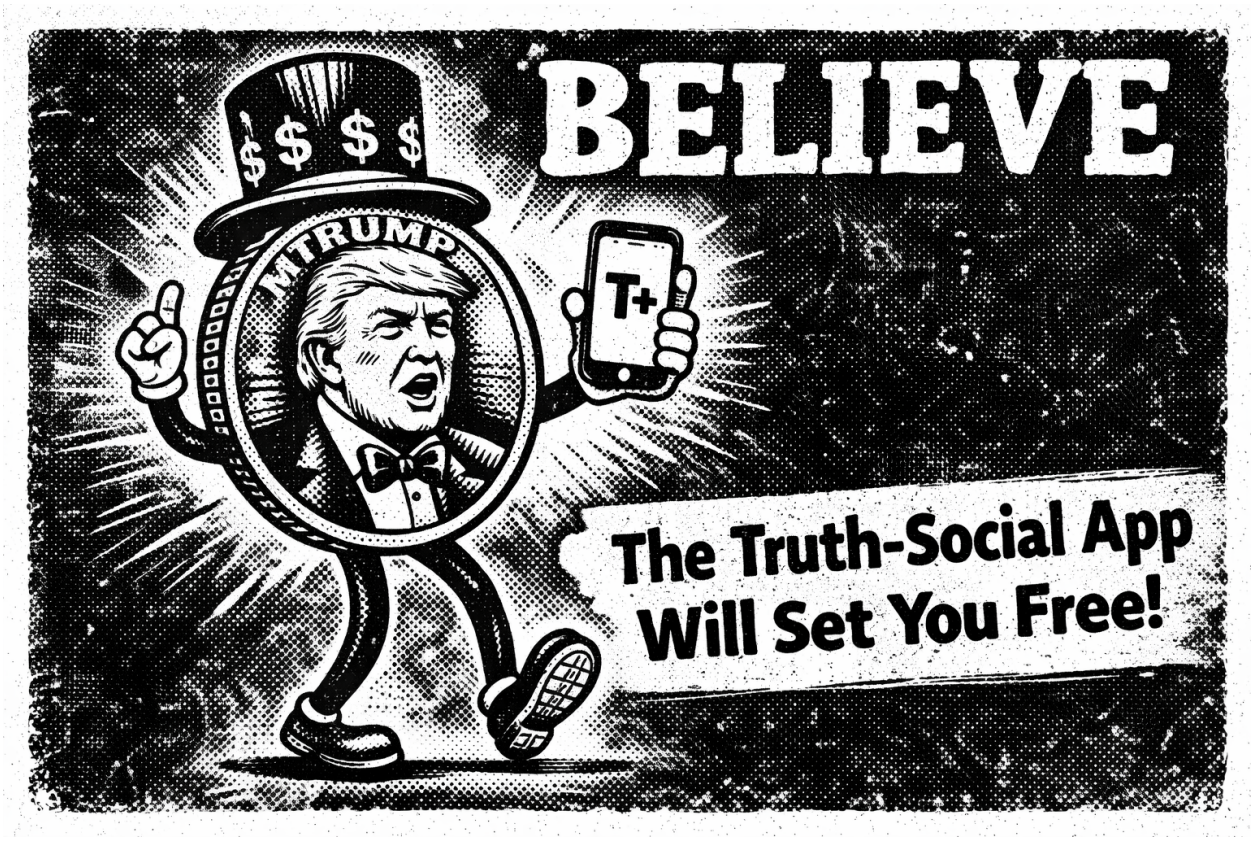
A. Very strong. The hair is doing tremendous work—honestly, heroic. People come up to me, doctors, hair scientists, very respected people, and they say, "Sir, we've never seen follicles negotiate like this. It's a crowning achievement."
As for the color, it's not orange. It's *executive bronze*. Very rare. Very healthy. The envy of radical left sleazebags.

Q. Turning to policy: your Secretaries of Housing and Labor recently issued Christmas messages with pronounced sectarian overtones. Should the public interpret this as a "What Would Jesus Do?" moment—or perhaps a "What Would a Private Equity Firm Do?" moment?

A. First of all, Jesus was a builder. People forget that. Very underrated developer. Second, private equity…very smart people… very festive. Look, we're bringing faith back, but the *profitable* kind. Faith with margins. Jesus flipped tables—I flip balance sheets. Same energy.

Q. You have personally profited from $Trump-branded cryptocurrency and Truth Social stock, while later investors appear to have lost substantial sums. How do you respond to critics who call this—

A. Fake losses. Nobody lost money who believed hard enough. Crypto is about faith. Truth Social is about truth. And if someone bought at the top, that just shows how high I took it. That's leadership. Some people jump in late—that's on them. Markets are winners and learners. No losers. Except the losing Democrats.



Q. Ten years ago, Mr. President, you campaigned on repealing and replacing Obamacare. May we ask—where is the replacement plan?

A. Two weeks away. Always has been. It's like infrastructure—*conceptually imminent*. It's beautiful. Comprehensive. People cry when they see it. They say, "Sir,

this plan cured me just by existing." It's currently being finalized by very serious people in a room you're not allowed in.

Q. You frequently mocked President Sleepy Joe and Vice President Kamala Kama Kama Chameleon for verbal confusion and fatigue, yet observers note you sometimes appear to drift off mid-sentence before launching into extended monologues about unrelated grievances. How do you characterize this phenomenon?

A. Strategic resting. I conserve energy like a US made Tesla vehicle. When I rant, it's intentional. Very disciplined ranting. Also, I speak in *loops*—people love loops. Biden stumbles. I *weave*. Big difference. Very artistic. Like jazz. Angry jazz.

Q. Your Cabinet and congressional allies include many figures you once derided as part of "the Swamp": Little Marco, Lyin' Ted, Sloppy Steve. Has "Drain the Swamp" evolved into something else?

A. We drained it. Then we landscaped it. Now it's beautiful wetlands. Very luxurious. The Trump International Wetlands & Resort—people kayak through corruption, they love it. You need swamps. Swamps attract deals. Crocodiles are very loyal if you feed them correctly.

Q. In 2025, your administration removed the phrase "climate change" from federal servers and began dismantling the National Center for Atmospheric Research. Yet *Nature* and *New Scientist* report escalating fires, floods, droughts, and intensifying hurricanes. How will you address these challenges?

A. Weather has always been dramatic. Very attention-seeking. Hurricanes—very rude. Forest fires—I call them *freedom flames*. Look, we're not denying anything. We're just *rebranding*. Sea levels rise, we build walls. Fires burn, we rake harder. Droughts? Very dry, yes—but dry is good for golf. And hurricanes—if they're so bad, why do they keep coming to America? They love us.

At this point, a man in a rumpled tan suit and raincoat drifted into the room as if he'd taken a wrong turn. He carried a small notebook, rubbed his temple, and winced apologetically.

“Oh—geez—I’m sorry, sir. I really didn’t mean to interrupt. I’ll just be a second. I’ll be gone before you know it.”

President Drumpf rolled his eyes with the practiced exhaustion of a man who had rolled them professionally for decades. This interviewer, an ex-poseur by profession, nodded his head enthusiastically.

“Please,” this reporter said. “Don’t mind me. By all means, continue.”

The man shuffled forward. “I know, I know—I’m a pest,” ***he said, half to himself.*** “My wife tells me that all the time. ‘Lieutenant,’ she says, ‘you gotta stop with the questions already. People are trying to live their lives.’” ***He smiled faintly, then glanced down at his notebook.***

“Just one thing, sir, Probably nothing. See, I was lookin' at my notes here. Back in February, your Attorney General—terrific lady, very sharp—she says she’s gonna release those Epstein files. The whole works! Everyone’s excited. But then June rolls around, and Mr. Musk—the rocket fellow, with the electric cars, and the twitter, the brain chips, very smart, I don't know how he does it—he tweets out that the files aren't coming out because, well, he says *you’re* in ‘em.

The President pursed his lips and nodded, performing the kind of patient listening usually reserved for McDonald’s counterpersons or malfunctioning vending

machines. He waited heroically for the detective to finally wind down his questioning.

“Now, that’s where I get confused. Because right after that, you said the whole thing was a hoax, a real 'fairytale' written by Mr. Biden and Mr. Obama. But then —and this is the part that really kills me, sir—just the other day, you said you *want* them released because it’s actually all *Democrats* who are in there.

“Now, I’m just a simple guy from the precinct, sir, but I’m lookin' at my calendar... first it’s coming out, then it’s a hoax because you're in it, then you say nobody should care about it, now it’s not a hoax and you want it out because *they're* in it...

“I mean, it’s like my neighbor the used car salesman. When he offers to sell my car for me, it’s a "pristine gem" until you spot the rust and smoke, at which point it’s suddenly a classic built for punishment. It only becomes a "total lemon" if I try to trade it in. I’m sure there’s a very simple explanation for how a boring hoax becomes a 'must-release' overnight. Would you mind helpin' me out with that?”

The President's response was delivered with a dismissive wave and a squint: the one suggesting he had both heard everything and understood none of it, but had already won the argument anyway.

"Look, Lieutenant—is that a raincoat or did you steal a tent from a homeless camp? It's a disaster. A total disaster. A low-energy mess, believe me.

"But about these files—it's very simple, even for a guy with a broken cigar. It's called **The Art of the Reveal**.

"First of all, Elon—very high IQ…he was doing a bit of **strategic misdirection**. It's called 'trolling,' Lieutenant. You should try it, maybe you'd get a better haircut. He said I was in them to flush out the **Deep State rats**. It was a trap! A beautiful, golden mousetrap, and they walked right into it like dogs.

"Then, when I said it was a hoax—and it was a hoax, the biggest hoax in history, worse than Watergate, worse than the moon landing—I was talking about the **fake news version** of the files. The edited ones! The ones written by Obama's ghost-writer in a DC Pizza joint. They were printing them on **fake paper**, probably from China.

But now? Now we have the **real files,** it just took us a while to redact anything harmful to the real victims, like me! And let me tell you, it's a **Democrat disaster zone**. It's a Who's Who of the Radical Left. It's got more 'D's' than Obama's college transcripts.

So, I'm not "changing" my mind. I'm taking the hoax, flipping the script, and hitting them with the **truth-bomb of the century**. It's not confusing; it's **multidimensional chess**, and you're playing tic-tac-toe with a crayon.

Now, go find your car. I hear the tow truck is already there. It's a very sad car, Lieutenant. A real loser car."

The detective didn't look offended; he just scratched the back of his neck and let out a small, weary chuckle that crinkled the corner of his one good eye. "A loser car... yeah, my wife says the same thing, sir, but it gets me where I'm goin'. Usually." ***He began to shuffle toward the exit, fumbling with his car keys and patting his pockets.*** "Anyway, I'll get out of your hair. I've got an appointment over at the

Department of Justice—some clerk there says he found a box of memos that don't match the records. Just a little clerical thing, I'm sure. You have a terrific day, sir."
This reporter watched the door click shut, then turned back to the President.

Q. Before we break for your "executive time" sir, I have one last question. President Drumpf, how would you summarize your legacy?

A. Biggest. Loudest. Tremendous legacy. People will say, "He made politics simpler." By removing most of the facts, many of the words, and nearly all of the shame, he freed Americans to finally feel how they always wanted to feel—right. History will be very fair to me. Extremely fair. Possibly biased in my favor. Which is only fair.

This reporter turned off his recorder app, nodded politely, and wondered whether future historians would resemble the scholars in Idiocracy, speaking in slogans and sponsored content, or academics in a very woke Star Trek TNG episode, where the Prime Directive requires a Mandatory Sensitivity Seminar on gaslighting, intersectionality, and micro-aggressions.

We are such stuff as dreams are made on… unless I'm awake. Then I'm just stuff.

Revenge bedtime procrastination is when you stay up late to feel in control of your life.
I prefer to call it 'tricking tomorrow me into being tired.'

Tomorrow me is an idiot anyway, so he deserves it.

Test Your Orwellian 2024/25 Cliché Quotient™

"Political language is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable."
— **George Orwell**, ruining press releases since 1946

1. Which of the following is *not* an example of Orwellian manipulation of language?

A. Unofficially renaming the Department of Defense to "The Department of War."
B. Donald Trump presenting himself as a "peace president."
C. The first FIFA Peace Prize—launched to honor exceptional contributions to peace—being awarded to President Donald Trump.
D. President Donald Trump claiming he has ended eight wars in 2025

2. Which off these statements makes sense, but is false?

A. Haitian immigrants in Ohio are eating pets.
B. Look… If… We finally beat medicare.
C. I know he dyin' 6-7 Oh My God, I just bipped on the highway.
D. It is time for us to do what we have been doing. And that time is every day.

3. "Federal spending was reduced by amounts previously unimagined."

This sentence contains:

A. Verbs
B. Evidence
C. Accountability
D. An authentic warm glow of achievement

In a bold restructuring of Trumpian capitalism, the liberal arts degree is being rebranded as a "credential in compliant personhood." Grads will soon be meeting the need for literate cult recruiters, TikTok insult sommeliers, and human lab mice with bachelor's degrees!

Punk rock is the soundtrack of revolution… or the elevator music in Portland. Hard to tell these days.

It's said that "Hindsight is 20/20," but so was Trump Vs. Biden, and look how THAT turned out!

In July I go on Medicare, which is nice, because up to now my plan has been "hope I die quickly."

The best things in life are free, which explains why corporate lobbyists have spent decades trying to privatize them.

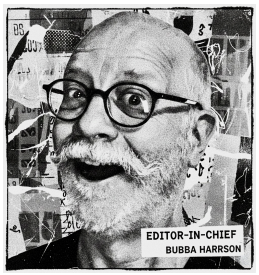
Socrates thought thoughts dwell in an eternal realm, which I thought was reassuring until I remembered the contents of my mind is made up of petty cravings and even pettier insecurities and power fantasies. The Platonic Realm (or World) of Forms is just the cloud backup for my worst browsing history.

MIRACLES ARE RARE AND PRECIOUS MOMENTS THAT REMIND US OF THE BEAUTY AND WONDER OF LIFE... UNLESS YOU'RE A MAGICIAN, IN WHICH CASE THEY'RE JUST PART OF YOUR ACT.

LADIES, YOU HAVE TO KISS A LOT OF FROGS BEFORE YOU FIND YOUR PRINCE. UNFORTUNATELY, NEARLY ALL OF THEM HAVE SOCIAL MEDIA PLATFORMS, GRIEVANCES, AND LEGAL REPRESENTATION.

I grew up with security, love, and understanding, which really set me back in doing anything myself. Now when something mechanical (or emotional) breaks, I'm like, "Where's the supportive adult who explains how feelings work and can change a flat tire?

-Thanks to the alternate realities that rejected our 'zine before this one accepted it. Your dystopian disdain made our publication a haven for the truly bizarre.

-I must acknowledging the cybernetic hand that types half of these articles. Without it, The Ex-Poseur would be stuck in pre-digital obscurity, which is just regular obscurity but with more typing errors.

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